WOMAN'S PAGE

LADY WASHINGTON.

One of the most interesting books of recent publication is Anne Hollingsworth Wharton's "Martha Washington," which is a fit companion piece to Woodrow Wilson's biography of George Washington. The wife of our first President was long known as "Lady Washington" in the simple but stately speech of our grandfathers. The title of lady meant a great deal in those days, and Martha Washington was the sort of woman to whom this title seemed exactly appropriate. There were women in those days, as there have always been, who were of unusual intellectual gifts, and who had a man-like grasp of affairs, but Mrs. Washington was not one of them. Her fame was derived simply and solely from that of her husband. She was a sweet, sincere, home-loving woman, and one of her nieces bears testimony that the chief object of her life was to adapt everything in their home to the comfort and convenience of "the general." Housekeeping in that time was a more complicated affair than it is now, and to manage a house on a plantation like Mount Vernon sometimes took almost as much skill as it would to be mayor of a small city, so that the career of Mrs. Washington need not necessarily be considered limited. Whether it was or not, it was confined to Mount Vernon and to the other places in which "the general's" official duties called him to be.

Martha Washington was the daughter of John Dandridge, who lived on the bank of the Pamunkey River, near enough to Williamsburg and Annapolis to enable his daughter, as she grew to maidenhood, to share their social advantages. She made her debut at fifteen, and married, not very long after, Col. Daniel Parke Custis. Col. Custis was the son of the man who gave Arlington its name—John Custis, a somewhat crusty and eccentric individual, who had much trouble with his family. His wife was uncongenial to him and he made no secret of his joy at her death. She left a son and daughter, and the latter, much to her father's disgust, married secretly an officer in the English army, while the son capped the climax of the family afflictions, as John Custis thought, by falling precipitately in love with pretty Martha Dandridge, instead of dutifully wedding a young woman of "expectations." Old John declared that his son should never have one foot of the Arlington estate, and actually made a will leaving all his possessions to a servant. But one day, luckily for the future Lady Washington, he met his son's betrothed at some social gathering and became a willing captive to her beauty and sweetness. After that he was heard to make the remark that if Daniel didn't marry her he should, for such a charming woman should not go out of the family. He not only gave them a good farm near Arlington at their marriage, but altered his will, giving them the Arlington estate on condition that his tomb should be inscribed with certain sentiments. After the name and residence comes the statement, "Aged seventy-one years, and yetlived but seven years, which was the space of time he kept a bachelor's home at Arlington." Col. Daniel did as his father had desired, but took the liberty of adding on the back of the tomb a line to the effect that the inscription was put there by the positive orders of the deceased.

The house in which Col. Custis and his young wife lived at Arlington was a plain wooden house, removed when the present mansion was erected. Before he was thirty-five the colonel died, leaving two children and a will bequeathing Arlington to the boy and the White House estate, as his father's first gift was called, to the girl, Eleanor. The rest of the property, about $100,000, was left to the widow.

There is no record of her comparatively brief widowhood. She is believed to have had many suitors, some of whom were, perhaps, as importunate as were those of Odysseus' wife during his long absence in world's-end wanderings. It is surmised that she may have sought refuge from them at the house of her neighbor, Major Chamberlayne, who, however, requited her confidence in a somewhat opposite sense by introducing to her the gallant and distinguished Col. Washington, with whose martial exploits the colonies were already ringing. The tradition that Washington and Mrs. Custis first met at the home of Col. William Fitzhugh in Fredericksburg is rejected as being unsupported by any proof. Washington's wooing was as energetic as were his operations against the British in New Jersey, when Trenton and Princeton witnessed their sudden discomfiture. Before he went on the final expedition against the French at the headwaters of the Ohio, he and Mrs. Custis were engaged.

A writer in the New York Commercial Advertiser, in giving a review of the book, says:

"The middle chapters of this biography, even after they begin to relate to the war of the Revolution, are the least interesting. In the account of 'Lady' Washington's visits to Gen. Washington in camp there are some simple touches of nature, however, that are specially grateful to the mind that is surfeited with tales of battles and levees. We are glad of the note of Mrs. Bland, of Virginia, to the effect that at Morristown the general's 'worthy lady seems in perfect felicity by the side of her "old man," as she calls him.' And of Mrs. Trompe's gossip, too, about 'Lady' Washington having sat and knitted 'with a specked apron on' when she and some other ladies decked out in much finery called at headquarters. The wife of Col. John Cox, of Bloomsbury, testifies that Mrs. Washington had a fathomless mending basket, which she would bring out as soon as breakfast was over and from which she was content to mend and darn from morning to night. The legend to the effect that Mrs. Washington rode to Valley Forge on a pillion behind the general in the autumn of 1777 is ruthlessly destroyed. She did not arrive at that famous cantonment until the following February, as is proven by a letter written by Washington in that month to his stepson, John Custis.

"The employment of a steward at Mount Vernon after Washington's retirement from the army is said by the author to have been made a pretext for reflecting upon Mrs. Washington's capacity as a housekeeper. The explanation that there were unceasing and excessive demands upon the hospitality of the modern Cincinnatus and his spouse many times greater than they had ever been subjected to before, is surely a sufficient reply to such a shallow aspersion. Mrs. Wharton, however, brings forward interesting proof that Martha Washington was the very pink and perfection of household sovereigns. She was as methodical and exacting in her management of her own portion of the domain as her husband was in his. But in all her thoughts and actions she seems to have beensubordinate to him. One of her nieces says 'that Mrs. Washington was wont to admonish her girl guests to be very still and not disturb the general when he was occupied with important business.'

"Mrs. Washington bore the change in her existence caused by the election of her husband to the Presidency as a necessary evil. She wrote thus from New York to one of her friends: 'With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been, that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be extremely pleased.' And again to a niece, while the President was on his tour through New England: 'I live a very dull life here and know nothing that passes in the town—I pany, and there, no matter what the hour, Nelly attended her. One evening, my father's carriage being late in coming for me, my dear young friend invited me to accompany her to her grandmamma's room. There, after some little chat, Mrs. Washington apologized to me for pursuing her usual preparations for the night, and Nelly entered upon her accustomed duty by reading a chapter and a psalm from the old family Bible, after which all present knelt in evening prayer. Mrs. Washington's faithful maid then assisted her to disrobe and lay her head upon the pillow. Nelly then sang a verse of some sweetly soothing hymn, and then kneeling down received the parting blessing for the night, with some emphatic remark on her duties, improvemmets, etc.'

"After the refusal of Washington to accept the Presidency a third time, the life at Mount Vernon, so pathetic in its brevity, was very sweet to the aging couple. Mrs. Washington wrote that their dwelling in New York and Philadelphia 'was not home, only a sojourning,' and added: 'The general and I feel like children just released from school or from a hard taskmaster, and we believe that nothing can tempt us to leave the sacred roof-tree again except on private business or pleasure. We are so penurious with our enjoyment that we are loath to share it with any one but dear friends; yet almost every day some stranger claims a portion of it, and we cannot refuse. * * * I am again fairly settled down to the pleasant duties of an old-fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee, and cheerful as a cricket.' Here is a homely glimpse of Mrs. Washington at some of her 'pleasant duties' (It is Mrs. Edward Carrington who writes): 'Then we repaired to the old lady's room, which is precisely on the style of our good old aunt—that is to say, nicely fixed for all sorts of work. On one side sits the chambermaid with her knitting; on the other a little colored pet, learning to sew; an old decent woman, with her table of shears, cutting out the negroes' winter clothes, while the good old lady directs them all, incessantly knitting herself and incessantly pointing out to me several pairs of nice colored stockings and gloves she had just finished. * * * Her netting, too, is a great source of amusement, and is so neatly done that all the younger part of the family are proud of trimming their dresses with it.'"

Visitors to Mount Vernon will remember the little room, hardly more than an attic, which Mrs. Washington took after her husband's death, that she might be where she could see his grave. It is a homely little place, roughly finished, and has been kept just as she left it, even to the hole in the door, where her cat went in and out. The pathetic memories of that room are irresistible even to a casual visitor. The whole place speaks of Washington's love for his home and his pride in it, which were, needless to say, shared by his wife. The writer of this biography recounts an incident which has rather an especial interest, in view of the recent wild project to remove the body of Washington to New York. The promoters of this idea say nothing about the body of Mrs. Washington, it may be noticed, and this point is worthy of note, in view of the fact that Grant would have wished to be buried at West Point but for the impossibility of Mrs. Grant's body being also laid there. Even a President has some predilections as to the fate of his bones, and some time after the death of Washington, when the question came up as to the removal of his body to the crypt beneath the Capitol building, Congress seems to have thought so. Mrs. Washington replied to an official proposition in regard to this:

"Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress, which you have had the goodness to transmit to me; and in doing this I need not—I cannot—say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of duty."

It does not appear that the Congress of that day took any further action.

never go to any public place—indeed, I think I am more like a state prisoner than anything else. There are certain bounds set for me which I must not depart from, and as I cannot do as I like I am obstinate and stay at home a great deal.' This last letter proves how much simplicity, shyness and homeliness of taste she had retained, notwithstanding that her husband was now the official head of the young Republic.

"A guest at one of the President's dinners, during his first term, writes: 'We had some excellent champagne, and after it I had the honor of drinking coffee with his lady, a most amiable woman. If I live much longer I believe I shall become reconciled to the company of old women for her sake, a circumstance which I once thought impossible. I have found them generally so censorious and envious that I could never bear their company. This, among other reasons, made me marry a woman much younger than myself, lest I should hate her when she grew old; but now I really believe there are some good old women.'

"Mrs. Washington seems to have been happier in Philadelphia, after it was made the seat of government, than she had been in New York. Mrs. James Gibson records that in Philadelphia Washington often showed his exceeding fondness for the society of young people. He would 'leave his study in the evening to enjoy a Virginia reel with Nelly Custis and her friends.' 'Mrs. Washington,' says Mrs. Gibson, 'was in the habit of retiring at an early hour to her own room, unless detained by com-

He Wanted Protection.

Mamma Jobiots—Here's an account of a woman who was fatally pierced by a corset steel while she was washing.

Little Johnnie—I wish I had to wear corsets.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Beyond Hypnotic Power.

"Maria," said the great hypnotist, "if you don't put that baby to sleep I'll be unable to give my great mesmeric show this evening."—Philadelphia North American.

WHAT TO DO IN A SICK ROOM.

Advice From a Professional Nurse for the Aid of the Amateur.

Almost every woman is called upon some time in her life to arrange a room for sudden illness. Often it is simply made dark and the bed turned around for convenience. Since, however, a very slight illness may develop into something quite serious, it is wise to have the room conveniently arranged. It should be as remote as possible from the noise of the house, but above all it must be sunny. There must be hot and cold water near at hand, and a fireplace is desirable.

A bare floor with small rugs is not a necessity, except in a case of contagious disease, but it is always best; for it is not possible to keep a carpet clean during an illness, while rugs can be easily carried out and put quietly back as often as necessary. All hangings and draperies should be taken down, as they hold both dust and odors, and all unnecessary furniture should be taken out.

Two small tables, a large easy chair, the bed—a small iron one is best—and a cot for the nurse are all that is necessary. Cover the tables with towels and keep them fresh and clean. Place one table out of sight of the invalid, and upon this keep the night lamp, together with a small tray, holding two thin glasses, a large and a small one; a graduate glass, teaspoons and medicine. On the second table place the tea service, with alcohol lamp and other things generally used.

A large closet where all the accessories of an illness can be kept near at hand is a great convenience.

The invalid's bed should be immaculate. The mattress of the bed should be smooth and firm, and in two pieces, so it can be easily turned and kept even. It should be protected with a quilted pad, which can be bought by the yard at the stores. The under sheet must be drawn tight and pinned if necessary to keep it in place. Over the top sheet blankets may be used according to the season.

If a spread is needed, use the lightest thing possible, even a fresh sheet is preferable to the heavy marseilles spread, so much used. A light cheesecloth comfortable is convenient for extra warmth at night, but heavy cotton quilts or comfortables should never be used. They are exhausting from their weight, as well as impervious. Pillows should be of feathers and not of down.

Under no circumstances should a nurse ever sleep with the patient. She should have her own cot or couch in the same room.

Woolen dresses should not be worn by the nurse while on duty. They are not easy to keep fresh in an invalid's room. Odors cling to them. Lint from the bed sticks to them, and they never look as clean and cool as a gingham. If a large apron is worn it keeps the dress clean and can be easily changed. Of course, furbelows and jewelry are out of place in an invalid's room. See that dress and apron are not starched stiff, or the rustle will be annoying. Wear noiseless shoes and have a night wrapper ready to slip on at a moment's notice during the night.

Food and its preparation for invalids is a most important subject.

There are but few of the ordinary dishes on the home table that are universally indigestible if properly prepared. Among these few the most common are mashed potatoes and fresh bread, neither of which should ever be served to an invalid unless it has been well proved that no trouble follows their use. Fried things are another menace to delicate people, and unfortunately many invalids like them.

Ordinarily the most nourishing food may be selected from the usual service. It should be daintily arranged in small quantities and made as attractive as possible. Anyone who has ever been ill knows the disgust and even nausea caused by the sight of a tray loaded with a hearty dinner, no matter how good it may be.

To one not accustomed to the care of invalids it seems impossible to have some nourishment nearly every three hours and to vary the list sufficiently to prevent monotony. There must be system and order in this as in all else, or the glass of milk will come too near the meal hour and so take away the relish for the dinner, or, as often happens, all the food given one day will be sold, and when it proves too much for the patient, almost nothing will be given for some time. As a result the patient gets up weak and faint for want of proper nourishment, and fanties indigestion is the trouble.

If some one member of the family can assume the responsibility of preparing the food for the invalid, and will plan for each meal early in the day, there will be no disappointment. Have always on hand a good, plain, home-made broth, and be sure all fat is taken off before it goes to the invalid. Fresh fruit can generally be given and should be served cold. Milk with cracked ice is relished, when without ice it is refused. Hot milk, well beaten, if given at night, will often produce sleep, and if given after midnight will prevent the early morning depression. Some people cannot take milk pure, but if it is diluted with hot or cold vichy or seltzer is more easily digested. Broth, not too strong and in small quantities, can always be used in place of milk. For solid food the best meats are rare beef, lamb, chicken and birds—broiled, not fried. Oysters, sweetbreads and other delicacies suited to the individual taste are all good if not too rich in preparation. Thin, home-made bread, with plenty of fine butter, is all right if the bread is at least a day old. Find out, if possible, what the patient likes, but never ask. If any particular thing is desired, take care that it is served just right. See that hot things are served very hot and cold things iced.

Give nothing fat, nothing fried and nothing highly spiced. Then, with plenty of rare beef, good milk, broth, thin bread and butter, and some fresh vegetables given regularly, the invalid should soon give place to a hearty, healthy individual.

Do not attempt to care for a nervous patient, or, in fact, any patient in your own family, if in any way a nurse can be employed. The patient rarely does as well, and the nervous strain and anxiety is often the cause of another illness in the family.

If, however, a nurse is out of the question, detail one member of the family to care for the patient and see that she is not expected to do anything else.

The first duty of the newly installed nurse will be to arrange the room for convenience and comfort of patient. She will see that all noisy doors are oiled, that shades roll easily and that everything is in order as soon as possible.

First in the care of the patient come the doctor's orders, which should be written down at once, so that there can be no mistake. Keep a record of everything done for the patient, and the work will not only be easier, but systematic. Then, too, the doctor will know whether sufficient nourishment has been given without asking before the patient, for nervous people often fancy they have had nothing, when in fact they have eaten more than the nurse.

The morning bath is the important event of the invalid's day. It may occupy from fifteen minutes to an hour and a half, according to the patient's condition, and should be given between one and two hours after breakfast. Immediately after the bath give a glass of milk or other nourishment, darken the room, and preserve absolute quiet for at least half an hour.

In the case of nervous patients oppose their fancies as little as possible, avoid all discussion, and assist in every way to overcome the lack of self control, from which most nervous invalids suffer, and which if allowed to go on becomes a serious matter and one difficult to overcome.

The nurse who can inspire her patient with a feeling of rest and confidence is more than fortunate. Every nurse should cultivate a light touch, as a heavy hand or a careless touch is agony when every nerve is quivering, while a firm gentle hand brings quiet and rest to mind and body.

One point that gives the professional nurse much trouble, and one in which the amateur always fails, is the matter of callers to see the invalid. How to refuse them without offense and how to prevent undesirable topics of conversation when the visitor is admitted are problems which require a great deal of tact.

It is easy enough while a patient is dangerously ill to say, "No one can be admitted," but during convalescence it is another matter. A call from one friend may do a patient good, while another person, perhaps a member of the family, must be refused.

This is a most important duty, and should any unpleasantness occur it must be kept from the invalid until she is quite strong enough to right it. Many an illness is prolonged and made more miserable than necessary by an unfortunate call.

Some good women, for instance, think it their duty to see that a patient is not "deceived," and take great pains to explain the condition, its possibilities and its treatment to the still suffering invalid.

No one but a nurse who has had such an experience can understand the importance of guarding a patient from "old friends."

A SPRING FANCY FROM PARIS.

A PRETTY HOME.

Simplicity Is the First Requisite. Beauty and Comfort to Follow.

I asked a well-known house decorator what quality—so far as furnishing goes—he would consider most necessary for the ideal home. "Simplicity," he said. "Simplicity and convenience."

"Most people," he continued, "overload their homes.

"I feel if I could get a vast multitude of family men and women together I would stand upon the roof tops and preach a sermon on household decoration and furnishing. The text should be simplicity, with a big S.

"I have seen a grand piano, a huge divan with some three dozen cushions, six chairs, a lamp and a table, a corner stand for statuary, and other articles too numerous to mention, crowded into a small drawing-room, which could not 'carry' one-third of these with any degree of beauty."

Outside of the question of ugliness—the overcrowded house is expensive. And it makes much unnecessary work. In many homes so much money is expended per annum to supply household decorations that the butcher's bills become a mental torture; that the household table is poorly furnished, and that money for pleasant railway journeys, for simple entertainments and for stocking the family library is always wanting.

If expense is an object don't begin economy at the wrong end. It is absolutely necessary that the boys and girls of the home should have amusements; that their friends should be hospitably entertained, and the table be provided with good, wholesome food; that the family library and magazine list show honored names.

It is not necessary that the parlor and other rooms be crowded with brackets, etageres, statuary and bric-a-brac. These things cost money. In cases where the household purse is slim they waste money.

One of the most delightful homes is arranged upon the plan of the utmost simplicity. The parlor and living room have upon the floor neat matting and rugs. The folding doors have inexpensive portieres and the street windows white dotted curtains. There are plenty of chairs of a sensible and pretty pattern—not of the variety for which you pay $10 apiece. There are a few well chosen pictures upon the walls, with now and then a good plaster head. It is not luxurious, it is well chosen, sensible and pretty. A large amount of useless dusting is saved and cleaning of intricate bric-a-brac. The money which might have been expended in furniture is placed in bank to provide for some pleasure trip each year; for some little dance or luncheon craved by the young people; for subscriptions to certain good periodicals.

In the dining-room the same good taste and moderation are observed—a little plain silver and glass with inexpensive china. It is not ostentatious, but it fulfills its usefulness. A few flowers in a vase go a long way toward hiding deficiencies of table gear. And then those monthly bills lose half their terrors.—New York Advertiser.

Ladies of Japan.

Nothing can be more dainty than the person and surroundings of these fairy-like, noble-born daughters of Japan. The women of high rank are famous for their beauty and delicacy, and, though they lack physical strength and endurance, they are the personification of refinement. Generations of noble blood and high training have made them noble from their birth. Great strength of character or intellectual power can hardly be expected from them, for their surroundings are not such as to call it forth, but the women of the nobility in former times have displayed a high spirit and a bravery that never shrank from danger or death when necessary. Fragile and weak as they look, they share the spirit of the Japanese race, and they have a strong sense of honor and duty, as far as they have been taught to know it.

All the clothing, furniture and utensils used by these dainty little women are exquisite in every way. Only the most delicate and beautiful silk and crepe, in artistic combinations and colors, are used for their graceful costumes. The hairpins and fancy comb for the hair are made from the rarest tortoise shell; the utensils are of shining lacquer, often richly ornamented with gold work. All is of the prettiest and finest, from the great lacquer boxes which hold the beautiful silks and crepes, down to the silver ornamented or ivory-carved chopsticks, which are used at meal times, or the little gold clasp attached to the band which holds the heavy girdle in place. Though not showy or gaudy, they are all of the very richest and cost an amount which would astonish a stranger unaccustomed to them. Thus in every way are the surroundings suited to these gentle wives and daughters, whose quiet lives know little of excitement or sorrow or anxiety, and still less of privation or want.—Chicago Record.

A DISMAYED GIRL.

She Wanted Information and Obtained a Large Amount.

There are not many girls like her nowadays. She belongs to a class that is fast becoming extinct.

"I really don't know what I shall do when I am married," she was saying. "I've always had mamma to advise me about everything. I really never bought a dress by myself, and I should never know whether to take the black coat or the blue one, the big hat or the little one, unless I could consult mamma. Now, I presume, I'll have to decide all such things for myself. I really don't suppose I could ask Augustus to be interested in my hats and coats."

"I feel sorry for you, my dear," said Mrs. Gray. "I foresee difficulties you wot not of. Now, I am an old-fashioned wife, and I married a model man. I imagine your Augustus is just such another. Let me warn you: Don't be an old-fashioned wife. You will not only have to manage all your own affairs, but most of his, too."

"Gracious!" gasped the girl in dismay.

"Oh, you'll survive," said the matron, sympathetically; "but you'll realize then that it's no sinecure to have to think for two."

"Won't you please explain?" begged the poor girl, nervously twisting her engagement ring.

"Well, for example, I not only select and buy every stitch of clothing I and the children wear, but I buy most of my husband's clothes, too. If I make life a burden to him for a week or so he will go to the tailor and be measured for a new suit of clothes or an overcoat. He only does that because I can't do it for him. But half the time I have to help him pick out the material for a suit. Then I buy all his underclothes, his socks and shirts and neckties. He doesn't know exactly how he happens to have them. When he wants an article he simply goes to a drawer and finds it. He never stops to wonder how it gets there—unless it doesn't happen to suit or fit, and then he is sure to remember who is responsible for it."

"But before he was married how——" began the engaged girl, timidly.

"Oh, then his mother and his big sisters took care of him, or else an old aunt. You may be sure there is always some one lying in wait to spoil every man child that comes into this world."

"Tell me some more," said the girl, curiously.

"Well, I always have to call my husband in the morning. He never, by any chance, wakens before I do. Then I get his bath ready for him. I am fully persuaded that he would have to practice quite a while before he would be able to keep from boiling or freezing himself to death, if left to his own devices. Then when he comes home at night, and we are going to a party, I lay out his dress suit for him and put the studs in his shirt bosom. Otherwise, I am sure he wouldn't have the energy to go at all. When he goes out of town I pack his valise for him."

"Is that all?" asked the girl, faintly.

"Oh, dear, no," said Mrs. Gray, briskly. "Besides managing the house, looking after the children at home and at school and doing a large part of the family mending, I hire and train the servants, settle most of the bills, buy the winter coal and wood, pay the rent and quarrel with the landlord. Then, besides calling on my own personal friends, I have to do a lot of formal and perfunctory visiting on my husband's account. 'Jennie,' he says, 'I'm trying to negotiate a deal with Mr. O. It's important that only the most amicable feelings prevail between us. I wish you'd find time to call on Mrs. O.' So I have to put on all my bravery and sally forth to make a conquest of Mrs. O.'s heart. Do you wonder that I have no time to belong to a club?"

"No, indeed," said the girl sympathetically, "but is there no escape from——"

"From Augustus," said Mrs. Gray, laughing. "You know best."

"I didn't mean that," answered the girl, flushing hotly. "No, my dear. I know you didn't. Yes, there is one way of escaping—well, we won't say what. Become a new woman. Harden your heart against Augustus' helplessness. Belong to so many clubs that he'll simply have to take care of himself. It's a heroic measure, but it works. You and Augustus have the same lesson to learn, anyway. You've both got to learn to take care of yourselves, for your mother has spoiled you quite as much as his has him. If I were you I wouldn't do all the learning."—New York Press.

Servants in Japan.

Servants are very cheap and very good in Japan. The foreign housewife has nothing to do and she lives like a queen. The Japanese cooks are far better than most American cooks, and $20 a month will pay the board and salaries of the help of an eight-room house. A certain foreign resident in Tokio, who lives as well as a millionaire would in the United States, pays his cook $5 a month; his butler gets $2.50, and his gardener and second girl get about the same. These servants all board themselves and the cook does the marketing. The house rent costs less than $20 a month, and a coachman could be had at $5 a month more. There is no trouble in getting good servants, and they watch after their employer's interests and see that he is cheated by none other than themselves.

Jap families pay still less for their servants. Only a few of the middle class have more than one servant, and among the poor the wife does the cooking and the entire work of the household. Some families, however, have a woman to cook and do general house work, and such women are paid from $1 to $2 a month and are lodged and fed. They generally receive a present of a dress from the mistress at New Year's and in midsummer, each costing from $1.50 to $2, and they expect to get a cent two or three times a week for bath money.